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Grimm's Fairy tales ...

Jacob Grimm, Wilhelm Grimm



English Literature for Secondary Schools
General Editor :—J. H. FOWLER, M.A.

101

“**GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES**



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"When they had given him all, he was invisible to them. Then he gave them heavy blows upon the shoulders."

Grimm's Fairy Tales

A Selection
from the 'Household Stories'
of the Brothers Grimm

Edited for Schools by
A. Trice Martin, M.A.
Headmaster of Bath College

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1908

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GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

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11-8-93

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THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen whose daughter at the time this story begins was yet a child in arms, and one day she was so naughty that, spite of all her mother said, she would not be quiet. At last the Queen lost all patience, and, because the ravens were then flying about the palace, she opened the window and said, "I wish you were a raven, and could fly away, and then I should have some peace!" Scarcely had she said the words when the child changed into a raven, and flew away out of 10 her arms through the window into a dark forest, where she remained a long time, and the parents heard nothing about her.

Some little time afterwards a man, while travelling along, found himself in this wood, and there he heard the Raven cry, and he followed the sound. As he came near, the Raven said to him, "I am a princess by birth, and am bewitched; but you can deliver me from the charm."

"What can I do, then?" he asked.

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"Go on further into the wood," she replied, "and you will find a house wherein sits an old woman, who will offer you meat and drink; but do not venture to take anything, for if you do you will fall

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into a deep sleep, and fail to free me. In the garden behind this house is a large heap of tan, whereon you may stand and wait for me. For three days I shall come at two o'clock, in a carriage drawn, the first time, by four white horses, then by four red, and lastly by four black; and if you are asleep when I come you will not rescue me; so you must mind to keep awake."

The man promised to do all that she desired; 10 but the Raven said, "Ah! but I know well you will not deliver me, for you will take something from the old woman." The man promised again he would not touch either meat or drink, and then he went on; and when he came to the house and entered, the old woman met him, and said to him, "Poor man, how weary you look! come, and refresh yourself with these dishes." But he said, "No, I will neither eat nor drink." Still she pressed him, saying, "Well, if you will not eat, take a draught 20 of wine; one glass is nothing." So the man allowed himself to be persuaded, and drank a little, and by-and-by, when midnight came he went out into the garden, on to the tan-heap, and waited for the Raven. But while he stood there he became all at once very tired, and could not shake off the feeling, so he lay down a bit, without venturing to sleep. However, he had scarcely stretched himself out when his eyes closed of themselves, and he soon began to snore, and was so very fast asleep that 30 nothing on earth could have awakened him. About two o'clock came the Raven, drawn by four white



"Wait a little, Gretel, until the moon rises."

horses, and as she came along she felt assured she should find the man asleep; and so it was: as soon as she came into the garden, she saw him lying on the tan-heap fast asleep. She alighted from her carriage, went up to him, shook him, and shouted to him; but he did not awake. The next night, at twelve, the old woman came, and brought the man food and drink, but he would take nothing. But she pressed him so long and left him no rest till at last he took a long draught out of the glass of wine. 10 About two o'clock he began again to watch upon the heap of tan for the Raven, but, as before, he soon felt so weary that his legs would not support him, and he was forced to lie down, and he fell into a deep sleep. When the Raven, therefore, came with her four red horses she was in great distress, for she had a presentiment of finding the man asleep, as she did, and all her efforts to awaken him were in vain. The next day the old woman scolded the man and said, "What will happen if you 20 neither eat nor drink? you will die!" "I dare not, and will not, eat and drink," replied the man. Nevertheless, the old woman set the dishes before him, and the savour of them was so nice, he could not resist, and he made a hearty meal, and afterwards, when the time came, he went out into the garden, and there waited for the Princess upon the tan-heap. Soon he felt more weary than he had ever been before, and he lay down, and went as fast asleep as a stone. About two o'clock came the 30 Raven, drawn by four black horses, and the coach

also was black, and all the harness. She was already in tears, for she knew, as she drove along, she should find the man asleep ; and so he was. She shook him and called to him, but in vain ; she could not awaken him. So she laid by him a loaf of bread, a joint of meat, and a bottle of wine, of which he might take as much as he would, without lessening the quantity. Then she drew a golden ring off her finger, and put it on his finger, 10 and on it her name was engraven. Lastly, she laid beside him a letter, wherein was stated what was given to him ; and further it said, " I see well thou wilt never save me here ; but, if thou yet desire to do so, come to the Golden Castle of Stromberg ; it is in thy power." And as soon as she had done all this she placed herself in her carriage again, and was driven to that castle.

By-and-by the man awoke and saw what had happened, and he was sad at heart, for he thought, 20 " Now she has gone away, and I have not saved her." Then his eyes lighted upon the things she had left, and he read the letter which contained the account of them. Soon he arose, and would have marched at once to the Golden Castle of Stromberg, but he recollected he did not know where it was. For some time he wandered about the world, and at length he came to a large forest, wherein for fourteen days he walked to and fro, and could not get out. One day, as evening came on, he felt 30 tired and lay down in a thicket and went to sleep. The next day he walked still further, and lay

down at night beneath another thicket; but there he heard such a howling and groaning that he could not sleep. When the time came that people put out their lights he saw a lamp glimmering, towards which he made his way, and there he came to a house before which stood a Giant. But he thought to himself, "If I go in, and the Giant see me, my life is scarce worth counting on;" and with this idea he waited a long while before he entered. At last he ventured, and as soon as the Giant saw him 10 he cried, "It is well that you have come, for I have eaten nothing for a long time, and you will serve for my supper."

"Let that be!" said the man; "I am not at all willing to be roasted; but, if you want to eat, I have enough here to satisfy you!"

"Well, if that is true," said the Giant, "you may rest quietly: I only meant to eat you because I had nothing else!" Thereupon they went in and sat down to table, and the man produced bread and 20 meat and wine. "This pleases me well enough," said the Giant; and he ate to his heart's content. By-and-by the man asked him. "Can you tell me where the Golden Castle of Stromberg is situate?"

"I will look at my map," replied the Giant, "whereon are laid down all the cities, villages, and houses hereabouts." So saying, he fetched the map, which he kept in another room, and looked for the castle, but it was nowhere to be found. "It does not matter," said the Giant: "I have a still larger 30 map upstairs in a closet." But when they looked

over that, the name was not to be found there either. The man would then have proceeded further, but the Giant begged him to stop a couple of days, until his brother returned who was gone to seek for something to eat. As soon as the brother came home, they asked him after the Golden Castle of Stromberg; but he would not talk about anything till he had satisfied his hunger, and then he mounted with them to his chamber, and there they searched
10 all over the map for the castle, without success; so then they fetched other maps, and did not leave off looking till at last they found the place; but it was many thousand miles away from where they were. "Now, how can I get there?" asked the man.

"I have two hours to spare," said the Giant, "and in that time I will carry you near the castle, but I must then return at once and look after my child." So the Giant took the man within about
20 a hundred miles of the castle, and there set him down, and told him he could easily go the rest of the way by himself. So saying, he turned homewards; but the man journeyed on day and night, till at length he arrived in sight of the Golden Castle of Stromberg. Now, this castle stood upon a glass mountain, and he could see the Princess riding round in her carriage, and then go into the gate. At this sight he felt very glad, and began to mount up to the place, but every step he
30 took he slipped back again. When, therefore, he perceived he could not reach the Princess, he

became very sorrowful, and said to himself, "I will stop here, and wait upon her." So he built himself a hut, and for a whole year lived in it, every day seeing the Princess driving about up above while he was unable to reach her.

One day he perceived from his hut three robbers beating one another, and he called to them, "God be with you!" They ceased at the voice, but when they saw nobody, they began again to knock each other about, so that it was quite dangerous. 10 Then he called to them a second time, "God be with you!" They ceased at the word, looked about, but saw nobody, and began to beat each other again; and so the man exclaimed for the third time, "God be with you!" and went out and asked the three combatants what they wanted. The first said he had found a stick which opened every door against which it was struck; the second had found a cloak which rendered its wearer invisible; but the third had caught a horse upon which anyone 20 could ride up the glass mountain. Now, they could not agree whether they should keep company with one another, or should separate; so the man said, "These three things I will exchange with you; money certainly I have not, but other things which are more valuable. Still, I must first have a trial, that I may see if you have spoken the truth." So they let him mount the horse, and hung the cloak around him, and put the stick into his hand, and when they had given him all he was invisible to them. Then 30 he gave them heavy blows upon the shoulders, and

exclaiming, "Now, you bear-hunters, now you have your deserts ; be content therewith !" he rode up the glass mountain, and as he arrived before the castle door he found it closed. He, therefore, tapped upon it with his stick, and immediately it flew open, and he entered and mounted the stairs which led to the room where the Princess sat with a golden cup full of wine before her. She could not see him, because he wore the cloak, and as he came close
10 to her chair, he drew off the ring which she had given him and threw it into the cup of wine, so that it rang against the side. Then she exclaimed, "That is my ring, and the man must also be here, who will deliver me !" and she made a search for him all over the castle ; but he had gone out meanwhile, and now sat on his horse outside the door with the cloak thrown off. As soon, therefore, as she went out at the door she saw him, and cried for joy, and the man dismounting from
20 his horse, took her in his arms, and the Princess kissed him and said, "Now you have indeed saved me, and to-morrow we will be married !"

HANSEL AND GRETHEL.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor woodcutter, with his wife and two children by his former marriage, a little boy called Hansel, and a girl named Grethel. He had little enough to break or bite; and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could not procure even his daily bread; and as he lay thinking in his bed one evening, rolling about for trouble, he sighed, and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How can we feed our children, when we have no more 10 than we can eat ourselves?"

"Know, then, my husband," answered she, "we will lead them away, quite early in the morning, into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread; then we will go to our work, and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be freed from them." "No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do; how can you bring your heart to leave my children all alone in the wood; 20 for the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she, "then we must all four die of hunger; you had better plane the

coffins for us." But she left him no peace till he consented, saying, "Ah, but I shall regret the poor children."

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what the stepmother said to their father. Grethel wept bitterly, and said to Hansel, "What will become of us?" "Be quiet, Grethel," said he; "do not cry—I will soon help you." And as soon as their parents
10 had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the back door, slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay before the door seemed like silver pieces, they glittered so brightly. Hansel stooped down, and put as many into his pocket as it would hold; and then going back he said to Grethel, "Be comforted, dear sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us." And so saying, he went to bed again.

20 The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy things; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else." Grethel took the bread in her apron, for Hansel's pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way. When they had gone a little distance, Hansel stood still, and peeped back
30 at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you peeping at,

and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember your legs."

"Ah, father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and trying to say good-bye." "You simpleton!" said the wife, "that is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney." But in reality Hansel was not looking at a cat; but every time he stopped, he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

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When they came to the middle of the wood, the father told the children to collect wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold. So Hansel and Grethel gathered together quite a little mountain of twigs. Then they set fire to them; and as the flame burnt up high, the wife said, "Now, you children, lie down near the fire, and rest yourselves, whilst we go into the forest and chop wood; when we are ready, I will come and call you."

20

Hansel and Grethel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon, each ate the piece of bread; and because they could hear the blows of an axe they thought their father was near: but it was not an axe, but a branch which he had bound to a withered tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind. They waited so long, that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke, it was quite dark, and Grethel began to cry, "How shall we get out of the wood?" But Hansel tried to comfort her by saying, "wait a little

30

while till the moon rises, and then we shall quickly find the way." The moon soon shone forth, and Hansel, taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles, which glittered like new-coined silver pieces and showed them the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it, and saw Hansel and Grethel, she exclaimed, "You wicked children! why did you
10 sleep so long in the wood? We thought you were never coming home again." But their father was very glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterwards there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land; and one night the children overheard their mother saying to their father, "Everything is again consumed; we have only half a loaf left, and then the song is ended: the children must be sent away. We will take
20 them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again; it is the only means of escape for us."

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, "It were better to share the last crust with the children." His wife, however, would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

He who says "A" must say "B" too; and he who consents the first time must also the second.
30 The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as the old

people went to sleep, Hansel got up, intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Grethel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in quiet; the good God will not forsake us."

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece. On the way, Hansel broke his in his 10 pocket, and, stooping every now and then, dropped a crumb upon the path. "Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father, "Keep in the path." "I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-bye to me." "Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel kept still dropping crumbs as he went along.

The mother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there making 20 an immense fire, she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you."

When noon came Grethel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived and no one came to visit the poor children, and in the dark night they awoke, and Hansel comforted his 30 sister by saying, "Only wait, Grethel, till the moon

comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home." The moon shone and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up. Hansel kept saying to Grethel, "We shall soon find the way;" but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, but still
10 they did not come out of the wood; and they got so hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes. Soon they got so tired that they could not drag themselves along, so they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they still walked on; but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come very
20 soon they would die of hunger. As soon as it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, which sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon left off, and spreading its wings flew off; and they followed it until it arrived at a cottage, upon the roof of which it perched; and when they went close up to it they saw that the cottage was made of bread and cakes, and the window panes were of clear sugar.

"We will go in here," said Hansel, "and have a
30 glorious feast. I will eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the window. Will they not be sweet?"

So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted ; while Grethel stepped up to the window and began to bite it. Then a sweet voice called out in the room, " Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door ? " and the children answered, " The wind, the wind, the child of heaven ; " and they went on eating without disturbing themselves. Hansel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece ; while Grethel broke a large round pane out of the window, 10 and sat down to enjoy it. Just then the door opened, and a very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hansel and Grethel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands ; but the old woman, nodding her head, said " Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here ? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall befall you ; " and so saying she took them both by the hand and led them into her cottage. A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, 20 apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Grethel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven. The old woman behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked witch who waylaid children, and built the breadhouse in order to entice them in ; but as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day. Witches have red eyes, 30 and cannot see very far ; but they have a fine sense

of smelling, like wild beasts, so that they know when children approach them. When Hansel and Grethel came near the witch's house, she laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me." And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to them, and saw how lovingly they lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite." Then she took up Hansel with her rough
10 hand, and shut him up in a little cage with a lattice-door; and although he screamed loudly it was of no use. Grethel's turn came next, and, shaking her till she awoke, she said, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; when he is fat enough I shall eat him." Grethel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Hansel, but Grethel got
20 nothing more than a crab's claw.

Every morning the old witch came to the cage and said, "Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat." But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much that he did not get more fat. When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept quite lean, she lost all her patience, and would not wait any longer. "Grethel," she called
30 out in a passion, "get some water quickly; be Hansel fat or lean, this morning I will kill and

cook him." Oh, how the poor little sister grieved, as she was forced to fetch the water, and fast the tears ran down her cheeks! "Dear, good God, help us now!" she exclaimed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts in the wood, then we should have died together." But the old witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit."

So early in the morning Grethel was forced to go out and fill the kettle, and make a fire. "First, we 10 will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough;" and so saying, she pushed poor Grethel up to the oven, out of which the flames were burning fiercely. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread." But she intended when Grethel got in to shut up the oven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hansel. Grethel perceived what her thoughts were, and said, 'I do not know how to do it; how 20 shall I get in?' "You stupid goose," said she, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up, and put her head into the oven. Then Grethel gave her a push, so that she fell right in, and then shutting the iron door she bolted it. Oh! how horribly she howled! But Grethel ran away, and left the ungodly witch to burn to ashes.

Now she ran to Hansel, and, opening his door, called out, "Hansel, we are saved; the old witch is 30 dead!" So he sprang out, like a bird out of his

cage when the door is opened ; and they were so glad that they fell upon each other's neck, and kissed each other over and over again. And now, as there was nothing to fear, they went into the witch's house, where in every corner were caskets full of pearls and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, putting as many into his pocket as it would hold ; while Grethel thought, "I will take some home too," and filled her apron
10 full. "We must be off now," said Hansel, "and get out of this enchanted forest ;" but when they had walked for two hours they came to a large piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hansel ; "I can see no bridge at all." "And there is no boat either," said Grethel, "but there swims a white duck, I will ask her to help us over ;" and she sang,

"Little Duck, good little Duck,
Grethel and Hansel, here we stand ;
20 There is neither stile nor bridge,
Take us on your back to land."

So the duck came to them, and Hansel sat himself on, and bade his sister sit behind him. "No," answered Grethel, "that will be too much for the Duck, she shall take us over one at a time." [This the good little bird did, and when both were happily arrived on the other side, and had gone a little way, [they came to a well-known wood, which they knew the better every step they went, and at last they
30 perceived their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the house, they fell on their

father's neck. He had not had one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest: and his wife was dead. Grethel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together in great happiness.

My tale is done. There runs a mouse; whoever catches her may make a great, great cap out of her fur.

CINDERELLA.

ONCE upon a time the wife of a certain rich man fell very ill, and as she felt her end drawing nigh she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said, "My dear child, be pious and good, and then the good God will always protect you, and I will look down upon you from heaven and think of you." Soon afterwards she closed her eyes and died. Every day the maiden went to her mother's grave and wept over it, and she continued to be good
10 and pious; but when the winter came, the snow made a white covering over the grave, and in the spring-time, when the sun had withdrawn this covering, the father took to himself another wife.

The wife brought home with her two daughters, who were beautiful and fair in the face, but treacherous and wicked at heart. Then an unfortunate era began in the poor step-child's life. "Shall the stupid goose sit in the parlour with us?" said the two daughters. "They who would eat
20 bread must earn it; out with the kitchenmaid!" So they took off her fine clothes, and put upon her an old grey cloak, and gave her wooden shoes for her feet. "See how the once proud princess is decked out now," said they, and they led her



"See how the once proud princess is decked out now," said they.

mockingly into the kitchen. Then she was obliged to work hard from morning to night, and to go out early to fetch water, to make the fire, and cook and scour. The sisters treated her besides with every possible insult, derided her, and shook the peas and beans into the ashes, so that she had to pick them out again. At night, when she was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but was forced to sit in the ashes on the hearth; and because she looked dirty through this, they named her Cinderella.

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One day it happened that the father wanted to go to the fair, so he asked his two daughters what he should bring them. "Some beautiful dresses," said one; "Pearls and precious stones," replied the other. "But you, Cinderella," said he, "what will you have?" "The first bough, father, that knocks against your hat on your way homewards, break it off for me," she replied. So he bought the fine dresses, and the pearls and precious stones, for his two step-daughters; and on his return, as he rode 20 through a green thicket, a hazel-bough touched his hat, which he broke off and took with him. As soon as he got home, he gave his step-daughters what they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the hazel-branch. She thanked him very much, and going to her mother's grave she planted the branch on it, and wept so long that her tears fell and watered it, so that it grew and became a beautiful tree. Thrice a-day Cinderella went beneath it to weep and pray; and each time a little white 30 Bird flew on the tree, and if she wished aloud, then

the little Bird threw down to her whatever she wished for.

After a time it fell out that the King appointed a festival, which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful maidens in the country were invited, from whom his son was to choose a bride. When the two step-daughters heard that they might also appear, they were very glad, and calling Cinderella, they said, "Comb our hair, brush our
10 shoes, and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace." Cinderella obeyed, crying, because she wished to go with them to the dance; so she asked her step-mother whether she would allow her.

"You, Cinderella!" said she; "you are covered with dust and dirt—will you go to the festival? You have no clothes or shoes, and how can you dance?" But, as she urged her request, the mother said at last, "I have now shaken into the ashes a
20 tubful of beans; if you have picked them up again in two hours, you shall go."

Then the maiden left the room, and went out at the back-door into the garden and called out, "You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds of heaven, come and help me to gather the good beans into the tub, and the bad ones you may eat." Presently, in at the kitchen-window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in down upon the
30 ashes. They then began, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good beans into the tub; and

scarcely an hour had passed when all was completed, and the birds flew away again. Then the maiden took the tub to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she might now go to the festival; but the stepmother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at." As she began to cry, the stepmother said, "If in one hour you can pick up quite clean two tubs of beans which I throw amongst the ashes, you shall accompany them;" and she thought 10 to herself, "She will never manage it." As soon as the two tubs had been shot into the ashes, Cinderella went out at the back-door into the garden, and called out as before, "You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to gather the good ones into the tubs, and the bad ones you may eat." Presently, in at the kitchen-window came two white pigeons, and soon after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in down upon the ashes. They then 20 began, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the beans into the tubs; and scarcely had half-an-hour passed before all were picked up, and off they flew again. The maiden now took the tubs to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she could go to the festival. But the mother said, "It does not help you a bit; you cannot go with us, for you have no clothes, and cannot dance; we should be ashamed of you." Thereupon she turned her back upon the maiden, and hastened away with her two proud 30 daughters.

As there was no one at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave, under the hazel-tree, and said,—

“Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me.”

Then the Bird threw down a dress of gold and silver, and silken slippers ornamented with silver. These Cinderella put on in great haste, and then she went to the ball. Her sisters and stepmother did not know her at all, and took her for some
10 foreign princess, as she looked so beautiful in her golden dress; for of Cinderella they thought not but that she was sitting at home picking the beans out of the ashes. Presently the Prince came up to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the dance. He would not dance with any one else, and would not even let go her hand; so that when any one else asked her to dance, he said, “She is my partner.” They danced till evening, when she wished to go home; but the prince said, “I will go
20 with you, and see you safe,” for he wanted to see to whom the maiden belonged. She flew away from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house; so the Prince waited till the father came, and told him that the strange maiden had run into the pigeon-house. Then the stepmother thought, “Could it be Cinderella?” And they brought an axe wherewith the Prince might cut open the door, but no one was found within. And when they came into the house, there lay Cinderella in her dirty
30 clothes among the ashes, and an oil-lamp was burning in the chimney; for she had jumped

quickly out on the other side of the pigeon-house, and had run to the hazel-tree, where she had taken off her fine clothes, and laid them on the grave, and the Bird had taken them again, and afterwards she had put on her little grey cloak, and seated herself among the ashes in the kitchen.

The next day, when the festival was renewed, and her stepmother and her sisters had set out again, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree and sang as before:—

10

“Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me.”

Then the Bird threw down a much more splendid dress than before, and when the maiden appeared at the ball every one was astonished at her beauty. The Prince, however, who had waited till she came, took her hand, and would dance with no one else; and if others came and asked, he replied as before, “She is my partner.” As soon as evening came she wished to depart, and the 20 Prince followed her, wanting to see into whose house she went; but she sprang away from him, and ran into the garden behind the house. Therein stood a fine large tree, on which hung the most beautiful pears, and the boughs rustled as though a squirrel was among them; but the Prince could not see whence the noise proceeded. He waited, however, till her father came, and told him, “The strange maiden has escaped from me, and I think she has climbed up into this tree.” The father 30

thought to himself, "Can it be Cinderella?" and taking an axe he chopped down the tree, but there was no one on it. When they went into the kitchen, there lay Cinderella among the ashes, as before, for she had sprung down on the other side of the tree, and, having taken her beautiful clothes again to the Bird upon the hazel-tree, she had put on once more her old grey cloak.

The third day, when her stepmother and her
10 sisters had set out, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said,—

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and glittering than she had ever had before, and the slippers were of pure gold. When she arrived at the ball they knew not what to say for wonderment, and the Prince danced with her alone as at first, and replied to every one who
20 asked her hand, "She is my partner." As soon as evening came she wished to go, and as the Prince followed her she ran away so quickly that he could not overtake her. But he had contrived a stratagem, and spread the whole way with pitch, so that it happened, that as the maiden ran, her left slipper came off. The Prince took it up, and saw it was small and graceful, and of pure gold; so the following morning he went with it to the father, and said, "My bride shall be no other than she whose foot
30 this golden slipper fits." The two sisters were

glad of this, for they had beautiful feet, and the elder went with it to her chamber to try it on, while her mother stood by. She could not, however, get her great toe into it, and the shoe was much too small; but the mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut off your toe, for if you are queen, you need not go any longer on foot." The maiden cut it off, and squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he placed her as his bride upon his horse, 10 and rode off; and as they passed by the grave, there sat two little doves upon the hazel-tree singing,—

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then the Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying, she was 20 not the right one. Then the other sister must needs fit on the shoe, so she went to the chamber and got her toes nicely into the shoe, but the heel was too large. The mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut a piece off your heel, for when you become queen you need not go any longer on foot." She cut a piece off her heel, squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he put her upon his horse as his bride, and rode off; and as they passed 30

the hazel-tree, there sat two little doves, wh sang,—

“Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe ;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you.”

Then he looked behind, and saw the blood trick ling from her shoe, and that the stocking was dyed quite red ; so he turned his horse back, and took
10 the false bride home again, saying, “Neither is this one the right maiden ; have you no other daughter ?” “No,” replied the father, “except little Cinderella, daughter of my first wife, who cannot possibly be the bride.” The Prince asked that she might be fetched ; but the stepmother said, “Oh, no ! she is much too dirty ; I dare not let her be seen.” But the Prince would have his way ; so Cinderella was called, and she, first washing her hands and face, went in and curt-
20 seyed to the Prince, who gave her the golden shoe. Cinderella sat down on a stool, and taking off her heavy wooden shoes, put on the slipper, which fitted her to a shade ; and as she stood up, the Prince looked in her face, and recognising the beautiful maiden with whom he had danced, exclaimed, “This is my true bride.” The stepmother and the two sisters were amazed and white with rage, but the Prince took Cinderella upon his horse, and rode away ; and as they came up to the hazel-tree
30 the two little white doves sang,—

“Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's no blood on the shoe ;

It fits so well, and she behind
Is the true bride for you."

And as they finished they flew down and lighted upon Cinderella's shoulders, and there they remained. The wedding was celebrated with great festivities, and the two sisters were smitten with blindness as a punishment for their wickedness.

OLD MOTHER FROST.

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters, one of whom was beautiful and industrious, and the other ugly and lazy. She behaved most kindly, however, to the ugly one, because she was her own daughter; and made the other do all the hard work, and live like a kitchen maid. The poor maiden was forced out daily on the high-road, and had to sit by a well and spin so much that the blood ran from her fingers. Once it happened that
10 her spindle became quite covered with blood; so, kneeling down by the well, she tried to wash it off, but, unhappily, it fell out of her hands into the water. She ran crying to her stepmother, and told her misfortune: but she scolded her terribly, and behaved very cruelly, and at last said, "Since you have let your spindle fall in, you must yourself fetch it out again!" Then the maiden went back to the well, not knowing what to do, and, in her distress of mind, she jumped into the well to fetch
20 the spindle out. As she fell she lost all consciousness, and when she came to herself again she found herself in a beautiful meadow, where the sun was shining, and many thousands of flowers blooming

around her. She got up and walked along till she came to a baker's, where the oven was full of bread, which cried out, "Draw me, draw me, or I shall be burnt. I have been baked long enough." So she went up, and taking the bread-peel, drew out one loaf after the other. Then she walked on further, and came to an apple tree, whose fruit hung very thick, and exclaimed, "Shake us, shake us; we apples are all ripe!" So she shook the tree till the apples fell down like rain, and when none were 10 left on, she gathered them all together in a heap, and went on her way. At last she came to a cottage, out of which an old woman was peeping, who had such very large teeth that the maiden was frightened and ran away. The old woman, however, called her back, saying, "What are you afraid of, my child? Stop with me; if you will put all things in order in my house, then shall all go well with you; only you must take care that you make my bed well, and shake it thoroughly, so that the 20 feathers fly; then it snows upon earth. I am 'Old Mother Frost.'" As the old woman spoke so kindly, the maiden took courage, and consented to engage in her service. Now, everything made her very contented, and she always shook the bed so industriously that the feathers blew down like flakes of snow. Therefore her life was a happy one, and there were no evil words; and she had roast and baked meat every day.

For some time she remained with the old 30 woman; but, all at once, she became very sad, and

did not herself know what was the matter. At last she found she was home-sick, and, although she fared a thousand times better than when she was at home, still she longed to go. So she told her mistress, "I wish to go home, and though I am not so happy down below as I am here, I must go back." The mistress replied, "I am pleased that you want to go home, and, since you have served me so truly, I will take you back again myself." So
10 saying, she took her by the hand and led her before a great door, which she undid; and when the maiden was just beneath it, a great shower of gold fell and a great deal stuck to her, so that she was covered over and over with gold. "That is your reward for your industry," said the old woman, giving her also the spindle which had fallen into the well. Thereupon the door was closed, and the maiden found herself upon the earth, not far from her mother's house; and, as she came into the court, the
20 cock sat upon the house, and called,—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo !

Our golden maid's come home again."

Then she went in to her mother, and, because she was so covered with gold, she was well received.

The maiden related all that had happened; and when the mother heard how she had come by these great riches, she wished her ugly, lazy daughter to try her luck. So she was forced to sit down by
30 the well and spin; and, in order that there might

be blood on her spindle, she pricked her finger by running a thorn into it, and then, throwing the spindle into the well, she jumped in after it. Then, like the other, she came upon the beautiful meadow, and travelled on the same path. When she arrived at the baker's, the bread called out, "Draw me out, draw me out, or I shall be burnt. I have been baked long enough." But she answered, "I have no wish to make myself dirty with you," and so went on. Soon she came to the apple-tree, which 10 called, "Shake me, shake me; my apples are all quite ripe." But she answered, "A fine business! Perhaps one will fall on my head;" and so she went on further. When she came to "Old Mother Frost's" house she was not afraid of the teeth, for she had been warned; and so she engaged herself to her. The first day she set to work in earnest, was very industrious, and obeyed her mistress in all she said to her, for she thought about the gold which she would present to her. On 20 the second day, however, she began to be idle; on the third, still more so; and then she would not get up of a morning. She did not make the beds, either, as she ought, and the feathers did not fly. So the old lady got tired, and dismissed her from her service, which pleased the lazy one very well, for she thought, "Now the gold-shower will come." Her mistress led her to the door; but, when she passed through, instead of gold, a tubful of pitch was poured down upon her. "That is the reward 30 of your service," said "Old Mother Frost," and shut

the door to. Then came Lazy-bones home, but she was quite covered with pitch; and the cock upon the house when he saw her cried—

“Cock-a-doodle-doo !

Our dirty maid's come home again.”

But the pitch stuck to her, and as long as she lived, would never come off again.

THUMBLING.

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor peasant, who used to sit every evening by the hearth poking the fire, while his wife spun. One night he said, "How sad it is that we have no children! everything is so quiet here, while in other houses it is so noisy and merry."

"Ah!" sighed his wife, "if we had but only one, and were he no bigger than my thumb, I should still be content, and love him with all my heart." A little while after the wife fell ill; and after seven 10 months a child was born, who, although he was perfectly formed in all his limbs, was not actually bigger than one's thumb. So they said to one another that it had happened just as they wished; and they called the child "Thumbling." Every day they gave him all the food he could eat; still he did not grow a bit, but remained exactly the height he was when first born; he looked about him, however, very knowingly, and showed himself to be a bold and clever fellow, who would prosper in 20 everything he undertook.

One morning the peasant was making ready to go into the forest to fell wood, and said, "Now I wish I had some one who could follow me with the cart."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Thumbling, "I will bring the cart; don't you trouble yourself; it shall be there at the right time."

The father laughed at this speech, and said, "How shall that be? You are much too small to lead the horse by the bridle."

"That matters not, father. If mother will harness the horse, I can sit in his ear, and tell him which way to take."

10 "Well, we will try for once," said the father; and so, when the hour came, the mother harnessed the horse, and placed Thumbling in its ear, and told him how to guide it. Then he set out quite like a man, and the cart went on the right road to the forest; and just as it turned a corner, and Thumbling called out, "Steady, steady!" two strange men met it; and one said to the other, "My goodness! what is this? Here comes a cart, and the driver keeps calling to the horse, but I can see no one."

20 "There is something queer about this," said the other; "let us follow and see where the cart stops."

The cart went on safely deep into the forest, and straight to the place where the wood was cut. As soon as Thumbling saw his father, he called to him, "Here, father; here I am, you see, with the cart: just take me down." The peasant caught the bridle of the horse with his left hand, and with his right took his little son out of its ear, and he sat himself down merrily on a straw. When the two strangers
30 saw the little fellow, they knew not what to say for astonishment; and one of them took his companion

aside, and said, "This little fellow might make our fortune, if we could exhibit him in the towns. Let us buy him." They went up to the peasant, and asked, "Will you sell us your son? We will treat him well." "No," replied the man; "he is my heart's delight, and not to be bought for all the money in the world!" But Thumbling, when he heard what was said, climbed up by his father's skirt, and sat himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Let me go now, and I will soon come 10 back again." So his father gave him to the two men for a fine piece of gold, and they asked him where he would sit. "Oh," replied he, "put me on the rim of your hat, and then I can walk round and survey the country. I will not fall off." They did as he wished; and when he had taken leave of his father, they set out. Just as it was getting dark he asked to be lifted down; and, after some demur, the man on whose hat he was took him off and placed him on the ground. In an instant Thumb- 20 ling ran off, and crept into a mouse-hole, where they could not see him. "Good evening, masters," said he, "you can go home without me;" and, with a quiet laugh, he crept into his hole still further. The two men poked their sticks into the hole, but all in vain, for Thumbling only went down further; and when it had grown quite dark, they were obliged to return home full of vexation and with empty pockets.

As soon as Thumbling perceived that they were 30 off, he crawled out of his hiding-place, and said,

"How dangerous it is to walk in this field in the dark: one might soon break one's head or legs!" and so saying he looked round, and by great good luck he saw an empty snail shell. "God be praised!" he exclaimed, "here I can sleep securely;" and in he went. Just as he was about to fall asleep he heard two men coming by, one of whom said to the other, "How shall we manage to get at the parson's gold and silver?"

10 "That I can tell you," interrupted Thumbling.

"What was that?" exclaimed the thief, frightened. "I heard some one speak." They stood still and listened; and then Thumbling said, "Take me with you, and I will help you."

"Where are you?" asked the thieves.

"Search on the ground, and mark where my voice comes from," replied he. The thief looked about, and at last found him; and lifted him up in the air, "What! will you help us, you little wight?"
20 said they.

"Do you see, I can creep between the iron bars into the chamber of the parson, and reach out to you whatever you require."

"Very well; we will see what you can do," said the thief.

When they came to the house, Thumbling crept into the chamber, and cried out with all his might, "Will you have all that is here?" The thieves were terrified, and said, "Speak gently, or some one
30 will awake."

But Thumbling feigned not to understand, and

exclaimed, louder still, "Will you have all that is here?"

This awoke the cook, who slept in the room, and sitting up in her bed she listened. The thieves, however, had run back a little way, quite frightened; but, taking courage again, and thinking the little fellow wished to tease them, they came and whispered to him to make haste and hand them out something. At this, Thumbling cried out still more loudly, "I will give you it all, only put your hands in." The 10 listening maid heard this clearly, and, springing out of bed, hurried out at the door. The thieves ran off as if they were pursued by the wild huntsman, but the maid as she could see nothing, went to strike a light. When she returned, Thumbling escaped into the barn without being seen; and the maid, after she had looked round, and searched in every corner, without finding anything, went to bed again, believing she had been dreaming with her eyes open. Meanwhile Thumbling had crept in 20 amongst the hay, and found a beautiful place to sleep, where he intended to rest till daybreak, and then to go home to his parents.

Other things, however, was he to experience, for there is much tribulation and trouble going on in this world.

The maid got up at dawn of day to feed the cow. Her first walk was to the barn, where she took an armful of hay, and just the bundle where poor Thumbling lay asleep. He slept so soundly, how- 30 ever, that he was not conscious, and only awoke

when he was in the cow's mouth. "Ah, goodness!" exclaimed he, "How did I come into this mill?" but soon he saw where he really was. Then he took care not to come between the teeth, but presently slipped quite down the cow's throat. "There are no windows in this room," said he to himself, "and no sunshine, and I brought no light with me." Overhead his quarters seemed still worse, and, more than all, he felt his room growing
10 narrower, as the cow swallowed more hay. So he began to call out in terror, as loudly as he could, "Bring me no more food! I do not want any more food!" Just then the maid was milking the cow, and when she heard the voice without seeing anything, and knew it was the same she had listened to in the night, she was so frightened that she slipped off her stool and overturned the milk. In great haste she ran to her master, saying, "Oh, Mr. Parson, the cow has been speaking."
20 "You are crazy," he replied; but still he went himself into the stable to see what was the matter. Scarcely had he stepped in when Thumbling began to shout again, "Bring me no more food, bring me no more food." This terrified the parson himself, and he thought an evil spirit had entered into his cow, and so he ordered her to be killed. As soon as that was done, and they were dividing the carcass, a fresh accident befell Thumbling, for a wolf, who was passing at the time, made a snatch
30 at the cow, and tore away the part where he was stuck fast. However, he did not lose courage, but

as soon as the wolf had swallowed him, he called out from inside, "Oh, Mr. Wolf, I know of a capital meal for you." "Where is it to be found?" asked the Wolf. "In the house by the meadow; you must creep through the gutter, and there you will find cakes, and bacon, and sausages, as many as you can eat," replied Thumbling, describing exactly his father's house.

The wolf did not wait to be told twice, but in the night crept in and ate away in the larder to 10 his heart's content. When he had finished he tried to escape by the way he entered, but the hole was not large enough. Thereupon Thumbling, who had reckoned on this, began to make a tremendous noise inside the poor wolf, screaming and shouting as loud as he could. "Will you be quiet," said the Wolf; "you will awake the people." "All very fine!" cried the little man; "since you have satisfied yourself, it is my turn now to make merry;" and he set up a louder howling than 20 before. At last his father and mother awoke, and came to the room and looked through the chinks of the door; and as soon as they perceived the ravages the wolf had committed, they ran and brought, the man his axe, and the woman the scythe. "Stop you behind," said the man, as they entered the room; "if my blow does not kill him, you must give him a cut with your weapon, and chop off his head if you can."

When Thumbling heard his father's voice, he 30 called out, "Father dear, I am here, in the wolf's

body." "Heaven be praised!" said the man, full of joy, "our dear child is found again;" and he bade his wife take away the scythe, lest it should do any harm to his son. Then he raised his axe, and gave the wolf such a blow on its head that it fell dead, and, taking a knife, he cut the body open, and released his little son. "Ah," said his father, "what trouble we have had about you!" "Yes, father," replied Thumbling, "I have been
10 travelling a great deal about the world. Heaven be praised! I breathe fresh air again."

"Where have you been, my son?" he inquired.

"Once I was in a mouse's hole, once inside a cow, and lastly inside that wolf; and now I will stop here with you," said Thumbling.

"Yes," said the old people, "we will not sell you again for all the riches of the world;" and they embraced and kissed him with great affection. Then they gave him plenty to eat and drink, and
20 had new clothes made for him, for his old ones were worn out with travelling.

BRIAR ROSE.

IN olden times there lived a King and Queen, who lamented day by day that they had no children, and yet never a one was born. One day, as the Queen was bathing and thinking of her wishes, a Frog skipped out of the water, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled,—before a year passes you shall have a daughter."

As the Frog had said, so it happened, and a little girl was born, who was so beautiful that the King almost lost his senses, but he ordered a great feast 10 to be held, and invited to it not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also all the wise women who are kind and affectionate to children. There happened to be thirteen in his dominions, but, since he had only twelve golden plates out of which they could eat, one had to stop at home. The feast was celebrated with all possible magnificence, and, as soon as it was over, the wise women presented the infant with their wonderful gifts; one with virtue, another with beauty, a third with 20 riches, and so on, so that the child had everything that is to be desired in the world. Just as eleven had given their presents, the thirteenth old lady stepped in suddenly. She was in a tremendous

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

ssion because she had not been invited, and, without greeting or looking at any one, she exclaimed loudly, "The Princess shall prick herself with a spindle on her fifteenth birthday and die!" and without a word further she turned her back and left the hall. All were terrified, but the twelfth fairy, who had not yet given her wish, stepped forward. She could not take away the evil wish, but only soften it, and so she said, "She shall not die,
10 but shall fall into a sleep of a hundred years' duration."

Then the King, who naturally wished to protect his child from this misfortune, issued a decree commanding that every spindle in the kingdom should be burnt. Meanwhile all the gifts of the wise women were fulfilled, and the maiden became so beautiful, gentle, virtuous, and clever, that every one who saw her fell in love with her. It happened on the day when she was just fifteen years old that the Queen and King were not at home, and so
20 she was left alone in the castle. The maiden looked about in every place, going through all the rooms and chambers just as she pleased, until she came at last to an old tower. Up the narrow winding staircase she tripped until she arrived at a door, in the lock of which was a rusty key. This she turned, and the door sprang open, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle spinning flax. "Good day, my good old lady," said the Princess, "what are you doing here?"
30 "I am spinning," said the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that which twists round so merrily?" inquired the maiden, and she took the spindle to try her hand at spinning. Scarcely had she done so when the prophecy was fulfilled, for she pricked her finger; and at the very same moment she fell back in a deep sleep upon a bed which stood near. This sleep extended over the whole palace. The King and Queen who had just come in, fell asleep in the hall, and all their courtiers with them—the horses in the stables, the doves upon the eaves, 10 the flies upon the walls, and even the fire upon the hearth, all ceased to stir—the meat which was cooking ceased to frizzle, and the cook at the instant of pulling the hair of the kitchen-boy lost his hold and began to snore too. The wind also fell entirely, and not a leaf rustled on the trees round the castle.

Now around the palace a thick hedge of briars began growing, which every year grew higher and higher, till the castle was quite hid from view, so 20 that one could not even see the flag upon the tower. Then there went a legend through the land of the beautiful maiden Briar Rose, for so the sleeping Princess was named, and from time to time Princes came endeavouring to penetrate through the hedge into the castle. But it was not possible, for the thorns held them, as if by hands, and the youths were unable to release themselves, and so perished miserably.

After the lapse of many years, there came another 30 King's son into the country, and heard an old man

tell the legend of the hedge of briars; how that behind it stood a castle where slept a wondrously beauteous Princess called Briar Rose, who had slumbered nearly a hundred years, and with her the King and Queen and all their court. The old man further related what he had heard from his grandfather, that many Princes had come and tried to penetrate the hedge, and had died a miserable death. But the youth was not to be daunted, and
10 however much the old man tried to dissuade him, he would not listen, but cried out, "I fear not, I will see this hedge of briars!"

Just at that time the hundred years were ended, and the day came for Briar Rose to wake again. As the young Prince approached the hedge, the thorns turned to large fine flowers, which of their own accord made a way for him to pass through, and again closed up behind him. In the courtyard he saw the horses and dogs lying fast asleep, and on
20 the eaves were the doves with their heads beneath their wings. As soon as he went into the house, there were the flies asleep upon the wall, the cook still stood with his hand on the hair of the kitchen-boy, the maid at the board with the unplucked fowl in her hand. He went on, and in the hall he found the courtiers lying asleep, and above, by the throne, were the King and Queen. He went on further, and all was so quiet that he could hear himself breathe, and at last he came to the tower and
30 opened the door of the little room where slept Briar Rose. There she lay, looking so beautiful that he

could not turn away his eyes, and he bent over her and kissed her. Just as he did so she opened her eyes, awoke, and greeted him with smiles. Then they went down together, and immediately the King and Queen awoke, and the whole court, and all stared at each other wondrously. Now the horses in the stable got up and shook themselves,—the dogs wagged their tails,—the doves upon the eaves drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew away,—the flies upon the walls¹⁰ began to crawl, the fire to burn brightly and to cook the meat,—the meat began again to frizzle,—the cook gave his lad a box upon the ear which made him call out,—and the maid began to pluck the fowl furiously. The whole palace was once more in motion as if nothing had occurred, for the hundred years' sleep had made no change in any one.

By-and-by the wedding of the Prince with Briar Rose was celebrated with great splendour, and to the²⁰ end of their lives they lived happy and contented.

THE GOLDEN BIRD.

A LONG, long while ago there was a King who had, adjoining his palace, a fine pleasure-garden, in which stood a tree, which bore golden apples; and as soon as the apples were ripe they were counted, but the next day one was missing. This vexed the King very much, and he ordered that watch should be kept every night beneath the tree; and having three sons he sent the eldest, when evening fell, into the garden; but about midnight the youth
10 fell into a deep sleep, and in the morning another apple was missing. The next night the second son had to watch, but he also fared no better; for about midnight he fell fast asleep, and another apple was wanting in the morning. The turn came now to the third son, who was eager to go; but the King hesitated for a long time, thinking that he would be even less wakeful than his brothers. Still at last he consented. The youth lay down under the tree and watched steadily, without letting sleep be his master;
20 and just as twelve o'clock struck something rustled in the air, and, looking up, he saw a bird flying by, whose feathers were of bright gold. The bird lighted upon the tree, and had just picked off one of the apples, when the youth shot a bolt at it

which did not prevent its flying away, but one of its golden feathers dropped off. The youth took the feather up, and, showing it the next morning to the King, told him what he had seen during the night. Thereupon the King assembled his council, and every one declared that a single feather like this was worth a kingdom. "Well, then," said the King, "if this feather is so costly, I must and will have the whole bird, for one feather is of no use to me." The eldest son was now sent out on 10 his travels, and relying on his own prudence, he doubted not that he should find the Golden Bird. When he had walked about a mile he saw sitting at the edge of a forest a Fox, at which he levelled his gun; but it cried out, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you a piece of good advice! You are now on the road to the Golden Bird, and this evening you will come into a village where two inns stand opposite to each other: one will be brightly lit up and much merriment will be going 20 on inside, but turn not in there: enter rather into the other, though it seem a poor place to you."

The young man, however, thought to himself, "How can such a silly beast give me rational advice?" and, going nearer, he shot at the Fox; but he missed, and the Fox ran away with its tail in the air. After this adventure he walked on, and towards evening he came to the village where stood the two public-houses, in one of which singing and dancing were going on; while the 30 other looked a very ill-conditioned house. "I should

be a simpleton," said he to himself, "if I were to go into this dirty inn while that splendid one stood opposite." So he entered the dancing-room, and there, living in feasting and rioting, he forgot the Golden Bird, his father, and all good manners.

As time passed by and the eldest son did not return home, the second son set out also on his travels to seek the Golden Bird. The Fox met him as it had met his brother, and gave him good
10 counsel, which he did not follow. He likewise arrived at the two inns, and out of the window of the riotous house his brother leaned, and invited him in. He could not resist, and entered, and lived there only to gratify his pleasures.

Again a long time elapsed with no news of either brother, and the youngest wished to go and try his luck; but his father would not consent. "It is useless," said he; "you are still less likely than your brothers to find the Golden Bird, and, if
20 a misfortune should happen to you, you cannot help yourself, for you are not very quick." The King at last, however, was forced to consent, for he had no rest while he refused.

On the edge of the forest the Fox was again sitting, and again it offered in return for its life the same piece of good advice. The youth was good-hearted, and said, "Be not afraid, little Fox; I will do you no harm."

"You shall not repent of your goodness," replied
30 the Fox; "but, that you may travel quicker, get up behind on my tail."

Scarcely had he seated himself when away they went, over hedges and ditches, uphill and downhill, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

As soon as they arrived at the village the youth dismounted, and, following the advice he had received, turned, without looking round, into the mean-looking house, where he passed the night comfortably. The next morning, when he went into the fields, he found the Fox already there, who said, "I will tell you what you must do 10 next. Go straight forwards, and you will come to a castle, before which a whole troop of soldiers will be sleeping and snoring; be not frightened at them, but go right through the middle of the troop into the castle, and through all the rooms, till you come into a chamber where a Golden Bird hangs in a wooden cage. Near by stands an empty golden cage for show, but take care you do not take the bird out of its ugly cage to place it in the golden one, or you will fare badly." With these 20 words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son mounting as before, away they went over hill and valley, while their hair whistled in the wind from the pace they travelled at. When they arrived at the castle the youth found everything as the Fox had said. He soon discovered the room where the Golden Bird sat in its wooden cage, and by it stood the golden one, and three golden apples were lying around. The youth thought it would be a pity to keep the bird in 30 such an ugly and dirty cage, and, opening the door,

he put it in the splendid one. At the moment he did this the bird set up a piercing shriek, which woke the soldiers, who started up and made him a prisoner. The next morning he was brought to trial, and when he confessed all he was condemned to death. Still the King said he would spare his life under one condition—namely, if he brought to him the Golden Horse, which travelled faster than the wind, and then for a reward he should also
10 receive the Golden Bird.

The young Prince walked out sighing and sorrowful, for where was he to find the Golden Horse? All at once he saw his old friend the Fox, who said, "There, you see what has happened, because you did not mind what I said. But be of good courage; I will protect you, and tell you where you may find the horse. You must follow this road straight till you come to a castle: in the stable stands the Golden Horse. Before the
20 door a boy will lie fast asleep and snoring, so you must lead away the horse quietly; but there is one thing you must mind: put on his back the old saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one which hangs close by, for if you take this it will be unlucky." So saying the Fox stretched out his tail, and again they went as fast as the wind. Everything was as the Fox had said, and the youth went into the stall where the Golden Horse was; but, as he was about to put on the dirty saddle,
30 he thought it would be a shame if he did not put on such a fine animal the saddle which appeared

to belong to him, and so he took up the golden saddle. Scarcely had it touched the back of the horse when it set up a loud neigh, which awoke the stable-boys, who put our hero into confinement. The next morning he was condemned to death ; but the King promised to give him his life and the horse if he would bring the Beautiful Daughter of the King of the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out, and by great good fortune soon met the Fox. "I should 10 have left you in your misfortune," it said ; "but I felt compassion for you, and am willing once more to help you out of your trouble. Your road to the palace lies straight before you, and when you arrive there, about evening, wait till night, when the Princess goes to take a bath. As soon as she enters the bath-house, do you spring up and give her a kiss, and she will follow you where-soever you will ; only take care she does not take leave of her parents first, or all will be lost." 20

With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son seating himself thereon, away they went over hill and valley like the wind. When they arrived at the Golden Palace, the youth found everything as the Fox had foretold, and he waited till midnight when everybody was in a deep sleep, and at that hour the beautiful Princess went to her bath, and he sprang up instantly and kissed her. The Princess said she was willing to go with him, but begged him 30 earnestly, with tears in her eyes, to permit her

first to take leave of her parents. At first he withstood her prayers; but, when she wept still more, and even fell at his feet, he at last consented. Scarcely had the maiden stepped up to her father's bedside, when he awoke, and all the others who were asleep awakening too, the poor youth was captured and put in prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Thy life is forfeited, and thou canst only find mercy 10 if thou clearest away the mountain which lies before my window, and over which I cannot see; but thou must remove it within eight days. If thou accomplish this, then thou shalt have my daughter as a reward."

The King's son at once began digging and shovelling away; but when, after seven days, he saw how little was effected and that all his work went for nothing, he fell into great grief and gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh 20 day the Fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should notice you again, but go away and sleep while I work for you."

When he awoke the next morning, and looked out of the window, the hill had disappeared, and he hastened to the King full of joy, and told him the conditions were fulfilled; and now, whether he liked it or not, the King was obliged to keep his word, and give up his daughter.

Away then went these two together, and no 30 long time had passed before they met the faithful Fox. "You have the best thing of all," said he,



"Nobody can pursue you, for the horse goes as fast as the wind."

"but to the Maid of the Golden Castle belongs also the Golden Horse."

"How shall I obtain it?" inquired the youth.

"That I will tell you," answered the Fox; "first take the beautiful Princess to the King who sent you to the Golden Castle. Then there will be unheard-of joy, and they will readily show you the Golden Horse and give it to you. Do you mount it, and then give your hand to each for a parting shake, and last of all to the Princess, whom 10 you must keep tight hold of, and pull her up behind you. As soon as that is done ride off, and no one can pursue you, for the horse goes as fast as the wind." All this was happily accomplished, and the King's son led away the beautiful Princess in triumph on the Golden Horse. The Fox did not remain behind, but said to the Prince, "Now I will help you to the Golden Bird. When you come near the castle where it is, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my cave. Then do 20 you ride into the castle-yard, and at the sight of you there will be such joy that they will readily give you the bird; and as soon as you hold the cage in your hand ride back to us, and fetch again the maiden."

As soon as this deed was done, and the Prince had ridden back with his treasure, the Fox said, "Now you must reward me for my services."

"What do you desire?" asked the youth.

"When we come into yonder wood, shoot me 30 dead and cut off my head and feet."

"That were a curious gratitude!" said the Prince, "I cannot possibly do that."

"If you will not do it, I must leave you," replied the Fox; "but before I depart I will give you one piece of counsel. Beware of these two points: buy no gallows-flesh, and sit not on the brink of a spring!" With these words it ran into the forest.

The young Prince thought, "Ah, that is a wonderful animal, with some curious fancies! Who
10 would buy gallows-flesh? and I don't see the pleasure of sitting on the brink of a spring!" Onwards he rode with his beautiful companion, and by chance the way led him through the village where his two brothers had stopped. There he found a great uproar and lamentation; and when he asked the reason, he was told that two persons were about to be hanged. When he came nearer, he saw that they were his two brothers, who had done some villainous deeds, besides spending all their
20 money. He inquired if they could not be freed, and was told by the people that he might buy them off if he would, but they were not worth his gold, and deserved nothing but hanging. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate, but paid down the money, and his two brothers were released.

After this they all four set out in company, and soon came to the forest where they had first met the Fox; and as it was cool and pleasant beneath the trees, for the sun was very hot, the two brothers
30 said, "Come, let us rest awhile here by this spring, and eat and drink." The youngest consented, for-

getting in the heat of conversation the warning he had received, and feeling no anxiety; but all at once the brothers threw him backwards into the water, and taking the maiden, the horse, and the bird, went home to their father. "We bring you," said they to him, "not only the Golden Bird, but also the Golden Horse and the Princess of the Golden Castle." At their arrival there was great joy; but the Horse would not eat, the Bird would not sing, and the Maiden would not speak, but wept 10 bitterly from morning to night.

The youngest brother, however, was not dead. The spring, by great good luck, was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without any injury; but he could not get out again. Even in this necessity the faithful Fox did not leave him, but soon came up, and scolded him for not following its advice. "Still I cannot forsake you," it said; "but I will again help you to escape. Hold fast upon my tail, and I will draw you up to the top." When this was 20 done, the Fox said, "You are not yet out of danger, for your brothers are not confident of your death, and have set spies all round the forest, who are to kill you if they should see you."

The youth thereupon changed clothes with a poor old man who was sitting near, and in that guise went to the King's palace. Nobody knew him; but instantly the Bird began to sing, the Horse began to eat, and the beautiful Maiden ceased weeping. Bewildered at this change, the King 30 asked what it meant. "I know not," replied the

Maiden ; " but I who was sad am now gay, for I feel as if my true husband were returned." Then she told him all that had happened ; although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she disclosed anything. The King summoned before him all the people who were in the castle, and among them came the poor youth dressed as a beggar, in his rags : but the Maiden knew him, and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and
10 tried ; but the youngest married the princess, and succeeded to the King's inheritance.

But what happened to the poor Fox ? Long after, the Prince went once again into the wood, and there met the Fox, who said, " You have now everything that you can desire, but to my misfortunes there is no end, although it lies in your power to release me." And, with tears, it begged the Prince to cut off its head and feet. At last he did so ; and scarcely was it accomplished when
20 the Fox became a man, who was no other than the brother of the Princess, delivered at length from the charm which bound him. From that day nothing was ever wanting to the happiness of the Hero of the Golden Bird.

LITTLE SNOWDROP.

ONCE upon a time, in the middle of winter, when the flakes of snow fell like feathers from the sky, a queen sat at a window set in an ebony frame, and sewed. While she was sewing and watching the snow fall, she pricked her finger with her needle, and three drops of blood dropped on the snow. And because the crimson looked so beautiful on the white snow, she thought, "Oh that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of this ebony 10 frame!"

Soon afterwards she had a little daughter, who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and had hair as black as ebony. And when the child was born, the queen died.

After a year had gone by, the king took another wife. She was a handsome lady, but proud and haughty, and could not endure that any one should surpass her in beauty. She had a wonderful mirror, and whenever she walked up to it, and 20 looked at herself in it, she said:

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?"

Then the mirror replied :

“Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Thou art the fairest of them all.”

And she was satisfied, for she knew the mirror always told the truth. But Snowdrop grew ever taller and fairer, and at seven years old was beautiful as the day, and more beautiful than the queen herself. So once, when the queen asked of her mirror :

10 “Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all ?”

it answered :

“Lady queen, you are grand and tall,
But Snowdrop is fairest of you all.”

Then the queen was startled, and turned yellow and green with envy. From that hour she so hated Snowdrop, that she burned with secret wrath whenever she saw the maiden. Pride and envy grew apace like weeds in her heart, till she had no
20 rest day or night. So she called a huntsman and said, “Take the child out in the forest, for I will endure her no longer in my sight. Kill her, and bring me her lungs and liver as tokens that you have done it.”

The huntsman obeyed, and led the child away ; but when he had drawn his hunting-knife, and was about to pierce Snowdrop's innocent heart, she began to weep, and said, “Ah ! dear huntsman, spare my life, and I will run deep into the wild
30 forest, and never more come home.”

The huntsman took pity on her, because she looked so lovely, and said, "Run away then, poor child!"—"The wild beasts will soon make an end of thee," he thought; but it seemed as if a stone had been rolled from his heart, because he had avoided taking her life; and as a little bear came by just then, he killed it, took out its liver and lungs, and carried them as tokens to the queen. She made the cook dress them with salt, and then the wicked woman ate them, and thought she had eaten Snowdrop's lungs and liver. The poor child was now all alone in the great forest, and she felt frightened as she looked at all the leafy trees, and knew not what to do. So she began to run, and ran over the sharp stones, and through the thorns; and the wild beasts passed close to her, but did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet could carry her, and when evening closed in, she saw a little house, and went into it to rest herself. Everything in the house was very small, but I cannot tell you how pretty and clean it was.

There stood a little table, covered with a white tablecloth, on which were seven little plates (each little plate with its own little spoon)—also seven little knives and forks, and seven little cups. Round the walls stood seven little beds close together, with sheets as white as snow. Snowdrop being so hungry and thirsty, ate a little of the vegetables and bread on each plate, and drank a drop of wine from every cup, for she did not like to empty one entirely.

Then, being very tired, she laid herself down in one of the beds, but could not make herself comfortable, for one was too long, and another too short. The seventh, luckily, was just right; so there she stayed, said her prayers, and fell asleep.

When it was grown quite dark, home came the masters of the house, seven dwarfs, who delved and mined for iron among the mountains. They lighted their seven candles, and as soon as there was a
10 light in the kitchen, they saw that some one had been there, for it was not quite so orderly as they had left it.

The first said, "Who has been sitting on my stool?"

The second, "Who has eaten off my plate?"

The third, "Who has taken part of my loaf?"

The fourth, "Who has touched my vegetables?"

The fifth, "Who has used my fork?"

The sixth, "Who has cut with my knife?"

20 The seventh, "Who has drunk out of my little cup?"

Then the first dwarf looked about, and saw that there was a slight hollow in his bed, so he asked, "Who has been lying in my little bed?"

The others came running, and each called out, "Some one has also been lying in my bed."

But the seventh, when he looked in his bed, saw Snowdrop there, fast asleep. He called the others, who flocked round with cries of surprise, fetched
30 their seven candles, and cast the light on Snowdrop.

"Oh, heaven!" they cried, "what a lovely child!" and were so pleased that they would not wake her, but let her sleep on in the little bed. The seventh dwarf slept with all his companions in turn, an hour with each, and so they spent the night. When it was morning, Snowdrop woke up, and was frightened when she saw the seven dwarfs. They were very friendly, however, and inquired her name.

"Snowdrop," answered she.

10

"How have you found your way to our house?" further asked the dwarfs.

So she told them how her stepmother had tried to kill her, how the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had run the whole day through, till at last she had found their little house.

Then the dwarfs said, "If thou wilt keep our house, cook, make the beds, wash, sew and knit, and make all neat and clean, thou canst stay with us, and shalt want for nothing."

20

"I will, right willingly," said Snowdrop. So she dwelt with them, and kept their house in order. Every morning they went out among the mountains, to seek iron and gold, and came home ready for supper in the evening.

The maiden being left alone all day long, the good dwarfs warned her, saying, "Beware of thy wicked stepmother, who will soon find out that thou art here; take care that thou lettest nobody in."

The queen, however, after having, as she thought, eaten Snowdrop's lungs and liver, had no doubt

that she was again the first and fairest woman in the world; so she walked up to her mirror, and said :

“Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?”

The mirror replied :

“Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here, you are fairest of them all ;
But over the hills, with the seven dwarfs old,
Lives Snowdrop, fairer a hundredfold.”

10

She trembled, knowing the mirror never told a falsehood; she felt sure that the huntsman had deceived her, and that Snowdrop was still alive. She pondered once more, late and early, early and late, how best to kill Snowdrop; for envy gave her no rest, day or night, while she herself was not the fairest lady in the land. When she had planned what to do, she painted her face, dressed herself like an old pedlar-woman, and altered her appearance so
20 much, that no one could have known her. In this disguise she went over the seven hills, to where the seven dwarfs dwelt, knocked at the door, and cried, “Good wares, cheap! very cheap!”

Snowdrop looked out of the window and cried, “Good morning, good woman: what have you to sell?”

“Good wares, smart wares,” answered the queen — “bodice laces of all colours;” and drew out one which was woven of coloured silk.

30 “I may surely let this honest dame in!” thought

Snowdrop ; so she unfastened the door, and bought for herself the pretty lace.

"Child," said the old woman, "what a figure thou art ! Let me lace thee for once properly." Snowdrop feared no harm, so stepped in front of her, and allowed her bodice to be fastened up with the new lace.

But the old woman laced so quick and laced so tight, that Snowdrop's breath was stopped, and she fell down as if dead. "Now I am fairest at last," 10 said the old woman to herself, and sped away.

The seven dwarfs came home soon after, at eventide, but how alarmed were they to find their poor Snowdrop lifeless on the ground ! They lifted her up, and, seeing that she was laced too tightly, cut the lace of her bodice ; she began to breathe faintly, and slowly returned to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, "The old pedlar-woman was none other than the wicked queen. Be careful of thyself, and open the door 20 to no one if we are not at home."

The cruel stepmother walked up to her mirror when she reached home, and said :

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all ?"

To which it answered, as usual :

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here, you are fairest of them all ;
But over the hills, with the seven dwarfs old,
Lives Snowdrop, fairer a hundredfold."

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30

When she heard this, she was so alarmed that all the blood rushed to heart, for she saw plainly that Snowdrop was still alive.

"This time," said she, "I will think of some means that shall destroy her utterly;" and with the help of witchcraft, in which she was skilful, she made a poisoned comb. Then she changed her dress and took the shape of another old woman.

Again she crossed the seven hills to the home of
10 the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good wares, very cheap!"

Snowdrop looked out and said, "Go away—I dare let no one in."

"You may surely be allowed to look!" answered the old woman, and she drew out the poisoned comb and held it up. The girl was so pleased with it that she let herself be cajoled, and opened the door.

When the bargain was struck, the dame said
20 "Now let me dress your hair properly for once." Poor Snowdrop took no heed, and let the old woman begin; but the comb had scarcely touched her hair before the poison worked, and she fell down senseless.

"Paragon of beauty!" said the wicked woman, "all is over with thee now," and went away.

Luckily, it was near evening, and the seven dwarfs soon came home. When they found Snowdrop lifeless on the ground, they at once distrusted
30 her stepmother. They searched and found the poisoned comb; and as soon as they had drawn it

out, Snowdrop came to herself, and told them what had happened. Again they warned her to be careful, and open the door to no one.

The queen placed herself before the mirror at home and said:

“Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?”

But it again answered:

“Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here, you are fairest of them all;
But over the hills, with the seven dwarfs old,
Lives Snowdrop, fairer a thousandfold.”

10

When she heard the mirror speak thus, she quivered with rage. “Snowdrop shall die,” she cried, “if it costs my own life!”

Then she went to a secret and lonely chamber, where no one ever disturbed her, and compounded an apple of deadly poison. Ripe and rosy-cheeked, it was so beautiful to look upon, that all who saw it longed for it; but it brought death to any who should eat it. When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant-woman, and journeyed over the seven hills to where the seven dwarfs dwelt. At the sound of the knock, Snowdrop put her head out of the window, and said, “I cannot open the door to anybody, for the seven dwarfs have forbidden me to do so.”

“Very well,” replied the peasant-woman, “I only want to be rid of my apples. Here, I will give you one of them!”

"No!" said Snowdrop, "I dare not take it."

"Art thou afraid of being poisoned?" asked the old woman. "Look here; I will cut the apple in two, and you shall eat the rosy side, and I the white."

Now the fruit was so cunningly made, that only the rosy side was poisoned. Snowdrop longed for the pretty apple; and when she saw the peasant-woman eating it, she could resist no longer, but 10 stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. She had scarcely tasted it, when she fell lifeless to the ground.

The queen, laughing loudly, watched her with a barbarous look, and cried, "O thou who art white as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony, the seven dwarfs cannot awaken thee this time!"

And when she asked the mirror at home,

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?"

20 the mirror at last replied:

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
You are the fairest of them all."

So her envious heart had as much repose as an envious heart can ever know.

When the dwarfs came home in the evening, they found Snowdrop lying breathless and motionless on the ground. They lifted her up, searched whether she had anything poisonous about her, unlaced her, combed her hair, washed her with 30 water and with wine; but all was useless, for they

could not bring the darling back to life. They laid her on a bier, and all the seven placed themselves round it, and mourned for her three long days. Then they would have buried her, but that she still looked so fresh and life-like, and had such lovely rosy cheeks. "We cannot lower her into the dark earth," said they; and caused a transparent coffin of glass to be made, so that she could be seen on all sides, and laid her in it, writing her name outside in letters of gold, which told that she was 10 the daughter of a king. Then they placed the coffin on the mountain above, and one of them always stayed by it and guarded it. But there was little need to guard it, for even the wild animals came and mourned for Snowdrop; the birds likewise—first an owl, and then a raven, and afterwards a dove.

Long, long years, did Snowdrop lie in her coffin unchanged, looking as though asleep, for she was still white as snow, red as blood, and her hair was 20 black as ebony. At last the son of a king chanced to wander into the forest, and came to the dwarfs' house for a night's shelter. He saw the coffin on the mountain with the beautiful Snowdrop in it, and read what was written there in letters of gold. Then he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin! I will give you whatever you like to ask for it."

But the dwarfs answered, "We would not part with it for all the gold in the world." 30

He said again, "Yet give it me; for I cannot

live without seeing Snowdrop, and though she is dead, I will prize and honour her as my beloved."

Then the good dwarfs took pity on him, and gave him the coffin. The prince had it borne away by his servants. They happened to stumble over a bush, and the shock forced the bit of poisoned apple which Snowdrop had tasted out of her throat. Immediately she opened her eyes, raised the coffin-lid, and sat up alive once more. "Oh, heaven!"

10 cried she, "where am I?"

The prince answered joyfully, "Thou art with me," and told her what had happened, saying, "I love thee more dearly than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father's castle, and be my wife."

Snowdrop, well pleased, went with him, and they were married with much state and grandeur.

The wicked stepmother was invited to the feast. Richly dressed, she stood before the mirror, and
20 asked of it:

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?"

The mirror answered:

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here, you are fairest among them all;
But the young queen over the mountains old,
Is fairer than you a thousandfold."

The evil-hearted woman uttered a curse, and could scarcely endure her anguish. She first re-
30 solved not to attend the wedding, but curiosity

would not allow her to rest. She determined to travel, and see who that young queen could be who was the most beautiful in all the world. When she came, and found that it was Snowdrop alive again, she stood petrified with terror and despair. Then two iron shoes, heated burning hot, were drawn out of the fire with a pair of tongs, and laid before her feet. She was forced to put them on, and to go and dance at Snowdrop's wedding—dancing, dancing in these red-hot shoes till she fell 10 down dead.

THE SIX SWANS.

ONCE upon a time, a king, hunting in a great forest, chased a wild boar so eagerly, that none of his people could follow him. When evening came, he stopped to look about him, and saw that he had lost himself. He sought everywhere for a way out of the wood, but could find none. Then he perceived coming towards him an old woman, whose head kept constantly shaking. She was a witch.

"My good woman," said he to her, "cannot you
10 show me the way through the wood?"

"O yes, your majesty," answered she, "that I can, but only on one condition, and if you do not agree to it, you will never get out, and must die here of hunger."

"What is the condition?" asked the king.

"I have an only daughter," said the old woman, "she is as beautiful as any one you could find in the wide world, and well deserves to be your wife; if you will make her your queen, I will show you
20 the way out of the wood."

The king, in the fear of his heart, consented, and the old woman led him to her house, where her daughter sat by the fire. She received the king as if she had expected him, and he saw that

she was very beautiful; but still she did not please him, and he could not look at her without a secret shudder. After he had lifted up the maiden beside him on his horse, the old woman showed him the way, and the king arrived again at his royal castle, where the wedding was celebrated.

He had been married once before, and had by his first wife seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved more than anything in the world. 10 But, because he was afraid that the stepmother might not treat them well, or might even do them some harm, he took them to a lonely castle which stood in the middle of a wood. It was so hidden, and the road was so difficult to find, that he himself would not have found it, if a wise woman had not given him a wonderful skein of thread; which, when he threw it down before him, unrolled of itself and showed him the way. The king went out so often to his dear children, that the queen 20 noticed his absence, and was full of curiosity to know what business took him thus alone to the wood. So she gave his servants a sum of money, and they told her the secret, and also told her of the skein, which was the only thing that could show the way. After that she never rested till she had found out where the king kept the skein. Then she made some little white silk shirts, and as she had learned witchcraft from her mother, she sewed a spell into every one of them. And one 30 day when the king was gone out to hunt, she took

the little shirts and went into the wood, and the skein showed her the way.

The six brothers, who saw some one in the distance, thought their dear father was coming, and ran to meet him, full of joy. As they approached, the queen threw one of the shirts over each of them, and when the shirts touched their bodies, they were changed into swans, and flew away over the wood. The witch's daughter went home quite
10 happy, and thought she had got rid of all her step-children; but the one little girl had not run out with her brothers, and the queen knew nothing about her.

Next day, the king came joyfully to visit his children, but he found nobody except the little sister.

"Where are your brothers?" asked he.

"Oh, dear father," she answered, "they are gone and have left me alone," and then she told him all
20 that she had seen out of her window; how her brothers were turned into swans, and had flown away over the wood; she also showed him the feathers which they had dropped into the courtyard, and which she had picked up.

The king was grieved, but he never thought that the queen had done this wicked deed; however, because he dreaded lest the little girl would be stolen from him likewise, he wished to take her away with him. But she was afraid of the step-
30 mother, and begged the king to let her stay one night more in the castle in the wood.

The poor little girl thought, "I cannot rest here any longer, I will go and look for my brothers."

And when the night came, she ran away, and went straight into the wood. She went on all through the night, and the next day too, till she was so tired that she could go no further. Then she saw a little house, and went in, and found a room with six little beds; she did not dare to lie down in any, but crept under one of them, laid herself on the hard floor, and meant to pass the 10 night there. But when the sun was just going to set, she heard a rustling, and saw six swans come flying in at the window. They sat down on the floor, and blew at one another, and blew all their feathers off, and took off their swan's-skins like shirts. Then the little girl saw them and recognised her brothers, and was very glad, and crept out from under the bed.

The brothers were not less rejoiced when they saw their little sister, but their joy did not last long. 20

"You cannot stop here," said they to her, "this is a house belonging to robbers; if they come home, and find you, they will kill you."

"Cannot you protect me?" asked the little sister.

"No," answered they, "we can only take off our swan's-skins for a quarter of an hour every evening, and have our natural shape for that time, but afterwards we are turned into swans again."

The little sister cried and said, "Cannot you be 30 released?"

"Oh, no!" answered they, "the conditions are too hard. You must not speak or laugh for six years, and must make for us six shirts out of stitchweed during that time. If while you are making them a single word comes from your mouth, all your work will be of no use." When her brothers had said this, the quarter of an hour was over, and they turned into swans again, and flew out of the window.

10 But the little girl made a firm resolution to release her brothers, even if it cost her her life. She left the house, and went into the middle of the wood, and climbed up in a tree and spent the night there. Next morning she got down, collected a quantity of stitchweed, and began to sew. She could not speak to any one, and she did not want to laugh, so she sat, and only looked at her work.

When she had been there a long time, it happened that the king of the country was hunting in the wood, and his hunters came to the tree on which the little girl sat. They called to her, and said, "Who are you?"

But she gave them no answer.

"Come down to us," said they, "we will not do you any harm."

But she only shook her head. As they kept teasing her with their questions, she threw them down her gold necklace, and thought they would be satisfied with that. But they did not leave off, so she threw her sash down to them, and as that was
30 no good, she threw down her garters, and at last

everything that she had on, and could spare ; so that she had nothing left but her shift. But the hunters would not be sent away, and climbed up the tree and brought down the little girl and took her to the king.

The king asked, " Who are you ? what were you doing up in the tree ? "

But she did not answer. He asked it in all the languages that he knew, but she remained as dumb as a fish. But because she was so beautiful, the 10 king's heart was moved, and he fell deeply in love with her. He wrapped his cloak round her, took her before him on his horse, and brought her to his castle. Then he had her dressed in rich clothes, and she shone in her beauty like bright sunshine ; but they could not get a word out of her. He set her by him at the table, and her modest look and proper behaviour pleased him so much, that he said, " I will marry her, and no one else in the world," and after a few days he was married to her. 20

But the king had a wicked mother, who was not pleased with this marriage, and spoke ill of the young queen. " Who knows where the girl comes from," said she, " she cannot speak ; she is not good enough for a king."

A year after, when the queen brought her first child into the world, the old mother took it away, and smeared her mouth with blood while she was asleep. Then she went to the king, and accused her of eating her child. The king would not 30 believe it, and would not let anyone do her any

harm. And she always sat and sewed the shirts, and took no notice of anything else. Next time, when she had another beautiful baby, the wicked stepmother did the same as before; but the king could not resolve to believe what she said.

He said, "My wife is too pious and good to do such a thing; if she were not dumb, and if she could defend herself, her innocence would be made clear."

10 But when for the third time the old woman took away the new-born child, and accused the queen, who could not say a word in her own defence, the king could not help himself; he was forced to give her up to the court of justice, and she was condemned to suffer death by fire.

When the day came upon which the sentence was to be executed, it was exactly the last day of the six years, in which she might not speak or laugh; and she had freed her dear brothers from
20 the power of the spell. The six little shirts were finished, except that on the last one a sleeve was wanting. When she came to the place of execution, she laid the shirts on her arm, and when she stood at the stake, and the fire was just going to be lit, she looked round, and there came six swans flying through the air. Then her heart leaped with joy, for she saw that her deliverance was near.

The swans flew to her, and crouched down, so that she could throw the shirts over them; as soon
30 as the shirts were touched by them, their swan's-skins fell off, and her brothers stood before her.

They were all grown up, strong and handsome; only the youngest had no left arm, but instead of it a swan's wing.

They hugged and kissed their sister many times, and then the queen went to the king, and began to speak, and said, "Dearest husband, now I may speak, and declare to you that I am innocent and falsely accused;" and she told him about the deceit of the old mother, who had taken away her three children, and hidden them.

10

However they were soon fetched safely back, to the great joy of the king; and the wicked mother-in-law was tied to the stake, and burnt to ashes. But the king and queen, with their six brothers, lived many years in peace and happiness.

APPENDIX.

A FAIRY TALE. WHAT IS IT?

WE all have a more or less vague idea as to the nature of fairy tales, and recognise that many stories, which have nothing to do with fairies, are yet quite rightly called by this name. But it is not so easy to say clearly what it is in a story that entitles it to be called by this fascinating name.

Perhaps, however, we can begin by agreeing that we do not believe in the existence of fairies—i.e. except in those delightful times, when we indulge in “make-believe,” and that they really exist only in our imagination. But besides fairies there may be other people and many things that have not and could not have any real existence except in our fancy, and so it seems quite natural that stories which deal with these creations of our fancy, whether they are fairies or not, should be called “fairy tales.”

We can surely all remember those happy hours when on a winter's evening, by the flickering light of the nursery fire, some one, uncle or aunt, father or mother, or possibly our nurse, would take us on their knees and tell us stories of pure “make-believe,” every word of which was the invention of their own fancy, and delighted us none the less, because we knew that after all “it was not really true.” Here, no doubt, is the origin of many so-called fairy tales, and tales like these must be as old as the world itself.

Further than this we have only to remember that it is not only children who delight in such stories, but grown-up people as well. In Italy to-day you may still meet at a street corner the professional story-teller surrounded by a crowd of eager listeners ; and in the East they were always fond of stories, as you may gather from what you remember of that wonderful book called the *Arabian Nights*.

But how did stories like these come to be remembered and take such definite form that they can even be printed in a book ? Possibly because in the far-away times some of those who told these stories would remember what had been told to them in their childhood, and being themselves good story-tellers and living perhaps to a great age, they would tell many such tales, with additions of their own, to many children and grand-children, who in their turn would tell them, as they grew up and had children of their own, to new generations. And so the stories which were the favourites would take a more definite form, and, after a time, would become the property of the tribe or of the whole people.

But we can perhaps go a little further than this and try to distinguish between some of the elements of which these stories were composed. In ancient times, before the great works of Nature, by which we are all surrounded, were understood as they are now, the light and darkness, the sun, and the moon and the stars, mountains and valleys and trees, the storm and the rushing stream, all seemed to speak of a power which was in some ways like that of man himself, and in some ways certainly greater, because man could not then understand how it acted. And so we shall find that all these great forces of Nature appear in some form or another in our most ancient fairy tales in all parts of the world.

Then, again, the animal world by which we are surrounded is full of interest to us all. Even now we cannot help half believing that our favourite dog can understand

what we say, can indeed very nearly talk himself ; and in ancient times it was surely natural to imagine animals as talking among themselves, and certain men as possessed of the power of understanding what they said. And so we have a whole class of stories that are concerned with the fancied sayings, thoughts and doings of animals, and very interesting they are.

And there is another class of stories that is very fascinating—for though they deal with strange animals such as dragons, and with “little men” who seem impossible now, we cannot help wondering whether these stories do not come down from the far-away times—when there were really perhaps living somewhere on the earth creatures and people not altogether unlike those of our fairy tales. You have all heard of “extinct monsters”; you have seen pictures of them, or perhaps even seen their huge bones in some museum. Very terrible as they must have looked, and very uncomfortable neighbours as they must have been, they did not all die out at once, and one or more lingering on in some corner of the land—a danger to all the folk who lived near—may well have become the dragon or the “chimaera” of tales of old. Even our “brownies” and little men *may* be some misty recollection of an ancient race, such as that whose burial places we still find in barrows or burial mounds, and whose weapons we pick up on our downs.

The Stories, of which these are a very small selection, were collected with infinite pains about a hundred years ago by two brothers, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. They took them down for the most part from the mouths of the German peasants, who had learnt them very much in the way I have tried to show you.

The study of such stories—“Folk-lore” as we now call them—is very interesting, and it has shown that many of the tales are not only very ancient, but are the property of many other nations besides the Germans.

However, into this interesting path we must not now stray. I must only tell you that Grimm's Household Stories were translated into English for the first time in 1823, and since then there have been published a great many different editions and translations to delight not only boys and girls, but grown-up people as well.

For two of our stories—*Little Snowdrop* and *The Six Swans*—we are indebted to the translations by Mrs. Craik in *The Fairy Book* (Golden Treasury Series).

GLOSSARY OF HARDER WORDS

The numerals in brackets after the word give the page and line at which the word will be found.

bread-peel (31. 5), a long-handled shovel for putting bread into the oven.

cajoled (66. 17), deceived, cheated.

daunted (46. 9), made afraid, discouraged.

delved (62. 7), dug.

demur (37. 18), hesitation.

era (20. 17), time, period.

shift (77. 2), shirt.

stitchweed (76. 15), a little plant, with a white flower.

stratagem (26. 23), trick.

wight (38. 19), being, man (old word, now only used in poetry)

QUESTIONS ON WORDS.

1. Write short sentences to show the use and meaning of : tribulation, deride, rational, presentiment, summon, ill-conditioned, reproach, withstand, dismount.

2. Explain as precisely as you can the meaning of : decree, survey, council, counsel, pedlar, shelter, behaviour, token, entice.

3. The following words have been brought from Latin into our English language ; try to find words of English origin that have the same meaning : procure, collect, consume, conversation, passion, precious, presently, procedure, conceal, consent, securely, terrify, miserable, penetrate, duration, dominions, dissuade.

QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR SHORT ESSAYS.

1. How does "Envy" differ from "Jealousy"? Can you find examples in these tales of either quality?

2. Write a short story of your own to explain how it is that the Princess, whom on p. 4 we left as a Raven, is next found riding in her carriage round the Golden Castle of Stromberg.

3. A fairy in order to reward a poor wood-cutter, who has done a brave deed, grants him the fulfilment of three wishes. Write a short story in which you describe the brave deed, and show how two of the wishes led to much unhappiness but the third to life-long joy.

4. Try to write a short account of the part which animals play in these tales.

5. The Princess in "Briar Rose" finds all unchanged after her long sleep. Write a story about a Princess who slept for a hundred years and woke up to find the world very different.

6. Read Tennyson's "Day Dream" which tells the same legend as "Briar Rose." What seem to you the chief differences between this story in prose and the same story in verse?

7. A King, hunting in a wood, loses his attendants and is sheltered at night in a peasant's hut, where a baby has just been born. He dreams that this babe will succeed to his kingdom, and in fear that the dream may be fulfilled he plans on the next day to have the child put to death. The child's life is, however, strangely preserved. Twice afterwards—once, when the boy is a lad of twelve and again when he is nearly a man—the king recognizes the babe of his dream and plans his death. The lad, however, still lives and in the end the dream is fulfilled. Make a story out of this.

8. Do you feel some sympathy with any of the witches in these stories? Try to make a story of the lives of one or more of them, explaining how, though they began well, they ended by being so cruel and wicked.

9. In a village in Somerset there is a circle of ancient stones. The tradition is that they were once human beings, a merry wedding party. Tell the story of this party.

10. "Virtue is its own reward." How far is this true in these tales?

11. Do you think the bad people are justly punished in these tales? If not, make suggestions as to more suitable punishments.

12. Are Ghost-stories another form of fairy tales, or do you think they form an entirely separate class of story? Give reasons for your answer. (See p.80 "What is a Fairy Tale?")

13. Here are the incidents of a so-called "Ghost-Story." In a house in London now almost in a slum, but 150 years ago the house of a wealthy and pleasure-loving family, (1) the figure of a woman with powdered hair and old-fashioned dress is seen to pass through the kitchen and disappear in a cellar under the street, (2) a figure of a man with a drawn sword dripping with blood is also seen in the kitchen, (3) in the old ball-room upstairs the figure of the same woman is seen to stoop and pick up a ring off the floor and hide it, (4) a ring is found curiously hidden in a hole in the wall in the cellar, (5) in the cellar the skeleton of a woman is accidentally discovered and her clothes and hair resemble those of the ghost, (6) some papers accidentally discovered in a drawer show that the possession of a ring has something to do with the ownership of certain property. Make a ghost-story out of these incidents. (You must invent a story about some family who lived in this house that will account for the appearances.)

14. Nearly all the fairy tales end with a wedding or "they lived happy ever afterwards." Modern stories often end unhappily. Which sort of ending is the better? If you prefer the happier endings, why does the modern story-teller so often choose to disappoint you?

15. There appear to be very many legends and tales connected with Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. In a great part of England there seem to be comparatively few. If this seems to you to be true, try to suggest the reason.

16. Some tales are found in slightly different forms all over the world. Can you suggest any explanation of this fact?

17. Are beauty and goodness usually found in the same person or not? Try to find in these tales instances to show that sometimes, at any rate, they are not.

18. In the story of Hansel and Grethel the mother says "we have only half a loaf left, and *then the song is ended*" (see p. 12).

There is really no song at all, but the mother is speaking *figuratively*, or using a *figure of speech* which we call a "metaphor." See how many more "metaphors" you can find in these stories.

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY.

1. Along with fairy tales in prose some poems about fairies should be read—especially William Allingham's "The Fairies" and "The Fairy Shoemaker," and Mr. W. B. Yeats's "The Stolen Child." The fairy songs from Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* should be learnt by heart.

2. Transformations of human beings into birds, as in the story of "The Raven," are common in old Greek tales: *e.g.*, the legend of Philomela and Procne. They are also a common feature of Indian stories. We may compare with "The Raven" the old English ballad of "The Earl of Mar's Daughter" ("It was intill a pleasant time") given in *The Ballad Book* (Golden Treasury Series).

3. The literary and artistic treatment of the fairy tale in a later age may be illustrated by Tennyson's "Day-Dream," Burne-Jones's pictures of "The Legend of Briar Rose," and Humperdinck's opera of "Hansel and Grethel."

4. A clear and simple account of the modern study of folklore, which was begun by the brothers Grimm when they collected these German stories, will be found in *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, ninth edition, vol. ix, under "Folk-lore," and a good account of the life and work of the two Grimms in vol. xi.

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